HOW DOLLS ARE MADE.

The Drudgery of the Business—Paris' Wax Dolls—China Dolls.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Nine-tenths of all the dolls produced are manufactured in the province of Thuringia in Germany. This comprises but thirty five square miles, and belongs to the duke of Saxe-Coburg. The central market of receipt is Sonneberg, a city of some 12,000 inhabitants. The population of Thuringia is about 50,000, or 1,500 people to the square mile. Every one here is a doll laborer, engaged in making a wig, an eye, a leg, an arm, a dress, some part of doll furniture, or at work in the ovens and clay, or elsewhere. The children work until they are sent to school, under compulsion, where they remain to the age of 14. Then the girls return to their work for life, and the boys go to the army for a period of years, after which they return for life, unless called out by war. These wretched people have been trained to this drudgery so long that it has become a matter of instinct with them. They are fitted for no other work, and, if they were, have no money by which to get away. If they went away, there are few doll manufactories elsewhere. So it happens that whole families, from the grandsire to grandchild labor from generation to generation, and from morning to night. Each family has a little patch of land, where a few potatoes are cultivated. If a mishap befalls the potatoes it brings misery and woe to them.

If these families have bacon and potatoes once a week during the year they regard it as a season of prosperity. Yet in spite of this poverty they are seldom without their beer. They can go without food and clothes, but never without beer. Every day people may be seen entering Sonneberg with large baskets upon their heads bearing the product of several days or perhaps a week's industry. For this they receive $1, or 50 cents more, which is greedily but scantily divided for absolute necessities.

The manufacturers of Paris produce the finest wax dolls. It requires almost consummate skill to make these toys. Each workman has models at home, and buys materials for manufacture. The skeleton is constructed out of lime and plaster of Paris, and the eyes, nose, mouth and ears cut with a knife. The figure being ready is dipped in hot wax and dried. It then goes to the painter for features, then to the hair-dresser for a wig, and finally to the work-girls to be dressed. The money value of the doll depends upon its coating of wax; the thinly-coated ones usually crack in cold weather. The wax formerly was produced through the agency of the bee, but a substitute is beginning to be found in ozocerite, or wax made from the residue of petroleum.

China dolls are more exclusively the product of the factory. After being modeled by hand, they are baked in a great oven for a week. During this time the utmost care and watchfulness are required. The tenders are never permitted to sleep. A draught of air will produce disastrous results. A single oven contains 5,000 dolls, and thirty ovens are often full at once in one factory. At the end of the week the dolls came out, in all conditions. About one in five is perfect. After baking, the dolls are painted and glazed. The imperfect ones are separated by themselves and sold to "fairs" and "cheap-John" concerns, which dispose of them to people who infest such places. One German factory has been running about 130 years, and has produced 1,000,000,000 dolls. Some of the manufacturers are enormously rich.

The dolls form a miniature world of inanimate women, since the young ladies who play with dolls prefer young lady dolls. It is difficult to comprehend that they require every article in use by the human being except food and drink. The styles of doll outfits change with the fashions in dolls. The "chignon" and "waterfall," the high back hair and the Langtry bang, with others of their kind, passed away successively within a few years. All stylish dolls to-day have hair a la Rembrandt. Their furniture, dresses and other articles of wear and tear are patterned after the fashions of the animate world. The dolls themselves have undergone a marvelous evolution. They can walk, kneel down, sit down, stand up or be placed in any attitude. Not satisfied with this, the inventor has provided them with interior apparatus to play musical airs. They squall and laugh artificially. They automatically say "papa" and mamma." In a word, the modern doll has been favored by invention, as plants animals are by selection, and threatens to talk to us automatically, and become human without humanity, and living without life.

St. Petersburg's Schools.

[Russian Correspondence.]

The school for printer's apprentices at St. Petersburg has been opened with appropriate ceremonies. There will be taught on three days of every week, not after working hours, but during the daytime, religion, Slavic languages, arithmetic, history, and geography, the reading of the Greek and Latin languages, technicalities of the graphic trades, drawing, singing, and gymnastics—altogether it will be a complete school. Twenty-three St. Petersburg master printers have agreed to pay annual subsidies amounting to 1,550 roubles (about $900), and every pupil will have to pay 1 rouble per month.

A Picturesque Hod-Carier.

[Chicago Times.]

There was a building going up opposite a Boston æsthete's window, and in watching the workmen she was delighted to see the variety and picturesqueness of several hod-carriers' clothes. "One of them," she remarked, "had on garments almost mediæval in cut, and something like a helmet on his head. I made a sketch of him, and here it is. Tell me, is it usual for hod-carries in this country to exhibit so much of artistic sensibility in dress?" "Only after election," was the reply. The fellow had utilized a campaign club uniform.

The Shorter Method.

Dr. Taylor, the bishop to Africa, proposes, instead of teaching his assistant missionaries the native languages, to teach the natives English as the shorter method.

AFTER.

[Philadelphia Times.]

After the shower, the tranquil sun;
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when the day is done;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky;
After the tempest, the lull of waves;
Quiet woods when the winds go by;
After the battle, quiet graves.

After the knell the wedding bells;
After the bud the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the flight, the downy nest;
After the furrow, the waking seed;
After the shadowy river—rest.

MISSIONS IN ALASKA.

What Women Teachers Have Accomplished—Indian Pupils.

[Sitka Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

Studying the condition of Alaska one fails, if even against his wish and hope and expectation, to discover any great practical good that has been accomplished by the religious teachers who have striven and who are still trying to exert a civilizing influence upon the native population. At Wrangell there has until lately been a large school for the Indians, superintended by Mrs. McFarland. It has now been discontinued, and on the steamer which carried us north were the former pupils of that establishment on their way to the Sitka school. There were some thirty girls altogether, aged all the way from 6 to 18. While still retaining the general distinctive characteristics of Indians, the scholars were, as a rule, bright looking, and behaved while with us in a becoming manner.

They had been taught as much as other children are, having learned to read and write, and had also been allowed to learn childish games and simple songs of the "Little Sallie Waters" type. Taken in themselves they were moderately interesting, and one naturally questioned regarding their habits and future prospects. I learned they had been gathered at random from different villages and had been housed, taught and clothed by the aid of money donated to the home missions and by individuals. So far they had fared well, and only the most jealous man would be willing to disturb their happiness. But their future did not appear to be enviable. At the end of their school days they were to be returned to their people without money, without power to withstand the temptations to become as most of their fellows are; without, in fact, any occupation or real purpose in life.

Whatever the men who have come to Alaska to civilize the Indians have done, or have not done, the women have at least accomplished something for which they should be praised. It is a hard life, this among the Thlienkets, a dull, cheerless, prosaic existence, and yet the women teachers never complain, and in many an instance have done much good. They have taken infants from brutal parents, naked babes from smoky hovels, young girls from a life that would have been worse than death. Mrs. McFarland, for instance—and others of her sex deserve particular mention as well—has given the youthful Alaskan a glimpse, at least, of a better, happier life than they would ever have known had the teachers never come into the country. No one can look at the children in their clean clothes and their clean bodies without being thankful that there are women in the world who will so far forgot self as to minister to those who otherwise would never know a childish joy or a decent home.

And the women who have come to Alaska to teach the Indians are godsends to the children. However bad the older boys and girls may naturally be is not the question. The idea is, can missionaries help the young, can they protect and render happy the helpless babes and the girls and boys of tender years. None say no to this: all say yes. If Mrs. McFarland and Miss Matthews and others have made one small heart glad they have accomplished much. I believe they have made many hearts glad. Customary as it is to sneer at missionaries, one can never do so at the Alaska teacher. I believe they are earnest, capable, disinterested women. I saw Miss Matthews go away from our ship in an Indian canoe toward Chilcat river. She was on her way to a post far removed from the outside world and a dreary winter was before her. She had no companion, and she was a woman—bright, attractive, educated and refined.

"Do you do this work because of high salary?" I asked.

"No; I could earn more at home in Illinois. I do it from a sense of duty. It is hard, it is disagreeable and lonesome. I am often blue and discouraged. I see children go from me back into their terrible lives, but here I save one here another, and so I am encouraged.

Something New in Mathematics.

[Elizabethtown (Ky.) News.]

A gentleman of this county has discovered the following ingenious way to determine the area of a tract of land in any shape: Plat the land carefully on a piece of thick paste-board. Cut it out exactly by the lines and and fill up the space one layer deep with small shot, then take the shot out and put it into a rectangular box, run it down to one end until you have a perfect rectangle, then measure the base and altitude and multiply them and you have the area of the land. This is a very simple and a very accurate rule and does away with a great deal of calculation.

Hop-Vine Paper.

[Chicago Herald.]

Paper is made in France from the hop vine, and it is claimed that the fiber secured is the best substitute for rags yet obtained, as it possesses great length, strength, flexibility and delicacy.

A Misunderstanding.

[London Punch.]

His master—Did you take those boots of mine to be soled, Larry? Irish valet—I did, sor; and see the thrifle the blag yard give me for 'm!—said they was purty nigh wore through!

With Something Left.

Two Englands, two Wales, two Irelands and two Scotlands could be carved out of big Texas, with enough left over for some nice little islands.

ROME'S OCTOBER FESTIVALS.

Autumnal Merrymakers—Costumes of Italian Women—The Feast.

[Rome Letter in Chicago Tribune.]

It may be truly said that from "time immemorial" the Romans have been accustomed to honor the month of October—the month of the new wine—with processions, feastings, and dancings, friendly gatherings, and family merrymakings. But all must be in the open air; the nineteenth century Roman, just as his classic ancestors did before him, goes outside the city walls to celebrate the season of the falling chestnuts and the finished vintage, and it is remarkable that the road leading from the Porta del Popolo, the ancient Via Flaminia, is still a favorite one with these autumnal merrymakers, just as it was 2,000 years ago and more.

I will not stop to recall a procession of that remote date, with its flower-crowned maidens and laughing youths, its libations to the gods, its dancing and feasting. Change but the costumes and the modes of conveyance and I wager that the Ottobrate of to-day do not differ so very widely from the old pattern, for the physical resemblance of these people, especially the working classes, to the old types which we meet with in every museum and sculpture-gallery is so remarkable as to have been noted by many thousands before the present writer.

The first party of Ottobranti that drives by will serve to illustrate my case; here comes one in a large open landau, hired for the day, four young men of the artisan class packed tightly into the back seat of the roomy vehicle, and as many women fronting them in state with their faces to the horses; behind them again are two or three children seated in the thrown-back hood of the carriage. All the women wear thick, gold chains, earrings, and brooches, which often represent the economy of many years, and are handed down as heirlooms from mother to daughter. Their heads are uncovered save by their own magnificent black hair, which is coiled at the back of the head in many cunning twists and plaits.

This is a distinctive characteristic of the Roman woman. In almost all the other parts of Italy the woman of the people and the lower bourgeoisie has some peculiar head-dress, which is clung to long after the rest of the local costume has been chased away by railways and cosmopolitanism. In Genoa it is a white veil of clear muslin surrounding the head and shoulders as with a cloud; in Milan it is a short veil of black lace; other districts show us the bright Italian faces framed in brilliant colored handkerchiefs tied under the chin, or, again, bound around the head, concealing all the hair, and knotted at the back; of the Romagna, the white folded cloth resting squarely on the top of the head and falling down to the shoulders behind. There are others too numerous to mention now, but the woman of Rome goes proudly with no other head-covering than her own usually splendid hair. But to return to our Ottobranti.

The party consists probably of father and mother, a couple of handsome daughters, and perhaps a cousin and three or four younger boys and girls. Then the damo (sweetheart) of each of the marriageable girls will certainly be of the party.

They are off most likely to some vigna outside the city, say a half a dozen miles from the Porta del Popolo, and there they will consume mountains of macaroni, followed by fried artichokes, broiled fowls, massive sausages, and other substantial dainties (for your real Roman popolano has no notion of a holiday without a good square meal), the whole washed down with more litres of strong new wine than I should like to say. There will be music certainly—a fiddler or two, a cornet, and a harp for the young folks to dance to—and most likely some of the young men from the city will have mandolins amongst them, for the mandolin is the Roman instrument par excellence, just as the guitar is that of Madrid or Seville.

There will be dozens of other parties like the one I have described, many meetings, much talk, noise, laughter, and lovemaking. Then the children, who have been alternately eating and racing about all day, begin to be cross and sleepy; Mother orders the horses to be put to, father calls for one more litre—the stirrup-cup—the young folks reappear in couples from the shady corners where they have been discussing politics doubtless, and soon all are moving Romewards and homewards under the stars.

Some Food for Reflection.

[Cornhill Magazine.]

The age to which we have at present attained may be stated thus: Compared with the period 1838-1854 (the earliest for which there are trustworthy records), the average of a man's life is now 41.3 years instead of 39.8, and of a woman's 45.3 instead of 41.9 years, an addition of 8 per cent. to the female life and 5 per cent. to the male. Of each thousand sand males born in the present day, 44 more will attain the age of 35 than used to be the case previous to 1871. For the whole of life the estimate now is, that of 1,000 persons (one-half males and one half females) 35 survive at the age of 45, 26 at 55, 9 at 65, 3 at 75, and 1 at 85.

To put the case in another way, every 1,000 persons born since 1870 will live about 2,700 years longer than before. In other words, the life of 1,000 persons is now equal in duration to that of 1,070 persons previously; and 1,000 births will now keep up the growth of our population as well as 1,070 births used to do. This is equivalent in result to an increase of our population, and in the best form, viz., not by more births but by fewer deaths, which means fewer maladies and better health. What is more, nearly 70 per cent. of this increase of life takes place (or is lived) in the usual period"—namely, between the ages of 20 and 60.

Swinburne's "Benevolent Despotism."

[Exchange.]

Mr. Swinburne suggests as a piece of "benevolent despotism" that it should be made a penal offense against literature "for any writer to affix a proverb, a phrase, a quotation, but above all things, a line of poetry, by way of tag or title to his novel or to hers. Scripture and Shakespere should be especially prohibited."